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Moses. Rauch was a conscientious artist, ever anxious to hold up the mirror to Nature. His *Blücher* is a fine instance of this. The coarse little hero of Waterloo looks out from the marble, as if he would scold his soldiers, or pounce like a clumsy bear upon the poor French. Yet Rauch, with all his power to render the features of his favorite Prussian sovereign or soldiers, was deficient in the higher poetical attributes of Art, or, perhaps, it is more proper to say that, with the exception of his celebrated queen, there was little in the mass of Prussian individuals whose statues he chiselled, to kindle much inspiration in the imagination of the artist. Rauch had an imposing, statuesque appearance, and impressed all who came in contact with him with a sense of respect. He was professor of the Berlin Academy of Fine Arts, and was one of the most eminent Prussian artists of his day, although his reputation was more local than universal. His remains were removed from Dresden to Berlin for interment, and his funeral escort consisted of many of the royal personages, and of the principal artistic and literary notabilities of the Prussian capital. By order of the Prussian government, a statue of Rauch is being prepared by Prof. Drake, who was one of his most gifted pupils.

THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, MARCH, 1858.

Sketchings.

PRE-RAPHAELITISM.

MANY people seem not to understand the meaning of this term. We do not propose to throw any new light upon it, but we will endeavor to set before our readers one or two analogies, familiarly known, that may define it clearly, as well as show the relation of the Pre-Raphaelite movement to other phases of Art development.

Everybody is more or less versed in the history of the progress of the Reformation; perhaps, however, not so cognizant of its history as of the phenomenon of its climax, which event stands forth as its great result, taking place at the time when Luther opened the dykes of conventional opinion, allowing society to be flooded with the pent-up waters of reform. But this was not the beginning of the Reformation; other and equally able minds prepared the way. Without going beyond Abelard, one of the most brilliant and popular of middle-age heretics, we find his name at the commencement of a powerful race of thinkers; men who denounced abuses, and who shed new light upon disputable points until they were resolved into established and operative truths; it was a royal genealogy of masters in thought, embracing such men as Arnauud de Brescia, Wickliffe, Huss, and Melancthon, ending in the person of Luther, whose good fortune it was to bring matters to a popular focus, and complete the structure designed by his thinking ancestors. Just so is the progress of painting. Like Abelard, Cimabue was the first artist who had the courage to embody beautiful thought in forms of new and great significance; who stepped forward a pace by quitting the sphere of inanimate symbolism, and who painted human forms and accessories associated with human feeling, under such aspects as to warm the heart of every sympathetic contemporary. "Cimabue, instead of devoting himself to letters, consumed the whole day in "drawing men, horses, houses, and other various fancies,

"an occupation to which he felt himself impelled by Nature." Then came Giotto, Taddeo Gaddi, Orcagna, Massaccio, Fra Angelico, Perugino, finally, Raphael. All these artists, and others not mentioned, worked from the same inspiration, that of expressing the thought which they and their times loved best in its most beautiful garb; each artist in lineal descent showing something to his successor that had not to be done over again—unless it could be better done. And Raphael, in the sun and compass of his genius, he being the flower of his predecessors, gave to the world the most beautiful creation of the most cherished idea of his age, and the world recognized his work, and pronounced it good. Raphael stands before humanity as the highest artist-type of a certain cycle of moral and spiritual growth, the onward progress of which growth is reserved to the hierarchy of future artists to illustrate. If our readers, therefore, can understand the relation of Abelard, Arnauud de Brescia, Wickliffe, Huss, and Melancthon, who were Pre-Lutherites, to Luther, it is not difficult to comprehend the meaning of the term Pre-Raphaelism as referring to the artists who lived and paved the way for Raphael.

What we have said above applies only to our attempt to convey to the mind the meaning of the term Pre-Raphaelism. A glance at its origin and its pretensions is next in order. Pre-Raphaelism originated with the English. This remarkable people, as an eminent historian says, in substance, take pride in manifesting themselves institutionally; they love to bring ideas under the wing of a material dress, by clothing them in some peculiar English law, creed or system, either of which may be known by a chosen term. Their social, political, and religious systems are the result of a law of custom or statute; no principle of liberty outside of the British constitution is held to be of any account until English humanity has grown up to it; no individual excellence takes precedence of organized social distinction; no religious movement without the pale of the established church is more than tolerated. Instead of the spirit of an idea creating its own law, so as to find instant and current recognition, no spirit of any kind is allowed to diffuse itself without undergoing the baptism of a legal or sectional distinction;—the principle of pure, stern, uncompromising law controls everything. In accordance with this national disposition, Pre-Raphaelism arose in England, the natural result of a preceding "ism." Pre-Raphaelism sprung up to put down Royal-Academyism. Pre-Raphaelism is a species of Puritan reform against the cavalier pretension of Royal Academy sins. As the Puritans aimed to obtain the spirit of a good government by stern adherence to special forms of truth, so do the Pre-Raphaelites aim to reach the spirit of Cimabue, Giotto, and Fra Angelico, by returning to a careful study of "men, horses, and houses." Like the Puritans, too, they have an able champion. John Ruskin is the vigorous Cromwell that leads and sustains the rebellion, and he honestly uses his superb rhetorical weapons for the good of the cause and of truth.

We do not pretend to prophetic acumen, nor to take the responsibility of saying that English Pre-Raphaelism will or will not rule the universe of Art. Truth will certainly prevail, but we do not believe that it will prevail in Art, at the expense of Beauty. The spirit of Art is Beauty, and Beauty is the mysterious, indefinable glory of the Good, a condition the existence of which is far above the measure of the past, and of too free a nature to be confined within a cage made of the old wires—once brightly burnished, but now rusty and corroded

—of past attainment. We leave such metaphysical and psychological puzzles to those that like them.

The Pre-Raphaelites have produced meritorious works, many works that stand at this time by the side of the very best productions in their class of subject. But their works and aims do not justify sectarian distinctions. A work of Art is not a mere intellectual construction, to be accepted on account of its ingenious symbolism, or for mechanical polish. Men are artists through feeling, not through the intellect, and to an artistic feeling the intellect is subservient, and the prescriptions of a system are offensive. Conscientiousness, love of truth, and executive ability are not to be gauged by the microscopic powers of the eye; these qualities are rather to be tested by what they reveal of beauty, which, if revealed at all, is as incomprehensible and defiant of analysis, as is the perfume of the rose, or the mysteries of musical harmony. When Pre-Raphaelites paint good pictures, it is not because they paint in accordance with the principles of their sect, but because they are artists in feeling, and possess adequate executive ability to place that feeling before us.

THE THEOLOGY OF MURILLO'S PICTURE.

Quite a controversy seems to have raged in regard to the title of Mr. Aspinwall's picture, now on exhibition at Messrs. Williams & Stevens'. Those whose natures are in consonance with the delicate and moral appreciation of religious Art, and who have seen the beautiful work of Murillo, cannot fail to do it justice. It is a high spiritual conception worked into artistic embodiment by a man of genius, who knew how to bridge over the space between spirit and matter. We would have the public look at it through the highest aspirations of their souls, and not through the medium of their haggling brains. The artistically good must be absorbed through the heart, and not strained through the intellect, which is but too often a trickster if not subordinated to moral gravity. Our object now, however, is with the Theology rather than the Art of the picture, with a statement of our own views rather than a controversy with those who may differ from us. It may yet be seen that there is as comprehensible a relationship between the supernatural and the natural as there is between the ideal and the real, and when this is the case, superficial scoffing will be as much out of place as ignorant superstition, and the latter may be traced to a purer source in our nature than the former.

There can be no doubt that in the dogmatic order of the Church's Theology, as well as in the moral order of its Art, the dogma of the Assumption, is inferior to that of the Conception, and the conception of the Virgin by St. Anne, inferior to that of the conception of Christ by the Virgin: the two preceding were but preliminary and preparatory to the latter, which cast a new moral light on the world, and generated a great spiritual revolution in the hearts of mankind. The intensely religious nature of Murillo's genius, coupled with his artistic instincts, would naturally lead him to select the Conception of Christ by the Virgin as the most suitable subject for the highest effort of his art. The picture now before the public can only be rightly understood both in its treatment and execution when regarded as being symbolical of the supernatural act of the Virgin becoming the tabernacle of the Divinity. Looked at from this point of view, it not only spiritually soothes and elevates the eye, but opens up new and inexhaustible sources for the devotional and contemplative imagination. With an

Andalusian intensity of feeling and a fidelity to nature seldom equalled, it was natural for Murillo to stimulate the imagination as well as elevate the heart. To do so is the high prerogative of true genius aiming at the accomplishment of moral ends. A superficial acquaintance with even the mere chronological progress of Christian Art, would have prevented many of our writer: from looking upon this picture as being representative of the Assumption and not the Conception. We feel no necessity, however, to enlarge on this point, as the accomplished critic of the *Courier and Enquirer* has satisfactorily disposed of the matter both by argument and competent authorities; he is one of the very few who uses conscientious mental activity in forming his opinions before publishing them to the public. To the authorities cited by the writer in the *Courier* we shall add some extracts from Stirling's beautiful work "*The Annals of the Artists of Spain.*"

"The Mystery of the Immaculate Conception is one of his (Murillo's) most frequent and favorite subjects. His treatment of this delightful theme being unrivalled in poetic grace and feeling, he has sometimes been called, by pre-eminence, the painter of the Conception. The spotless purity of the Blessed Virgin, the opinion, that she came into the world sinless as her own divine offspring, has long been the darling dogma of the Spanish church."

"The celestial attendants of the virgins of Murillo are amongst the loveliest cherubs that ever bloomed on canvas. Like Cambiaso, he permitted no difficulty of attitude or foreshortening to deter his facile and triumphant pencil. Hovering in the sunny air, reposing in the clouds, or sporting amongst their silvery folds, these ministering shapes give life and movement to the picture, and relieve the Virgin's stateliness like repose. Some of them bear the large white lilies, the symbols of her mysterious maternity; others roses, sprays of olive, and palm-boughs, like those which are still annually blessed in the churches, and hung as charms on balconies and portals."

It was our intention to have given a historical sketch of the two great theological dogmas of the Assumption and Conception to show their relationship to moral Art, and the nature of their origination from the physiological views of Antiquity on human generation. If circumstances prevent us from doing so now, we may have occasion to return to the subject hereafter.

THE EULOGY OF THOMAS CRAWFORD.

It is one of the leading features of the Century Club to honor the life and services of eminent artists. The recent death of Crawford called upon the action of the club in this respect; it responded by appointing Thomas Hicks, Esq., to deliver the eulogy upon Crawford. The eulogy was delivered on the evening of the 2d February, to a very full assembly of the members of the club. The circumstance of one artist being selected to honor the memory of a fellow-artist, rendered the occasion unusually interesting and satisfactory. We regret our inability to publish the whole of the address, but the portions which we give below (taken from the *Tribune*) cannot fail to interest our readers.

Crawford was born in a new country, at a period when painting was confined almost exclusively to portraiture—when sculpture as a fine art was unknown, or was only struggling into rude shapes in the stone-cutter's shop. Without the force, of example, and with surrounding circumstances adverse and ungenial, he showed an appreciation of form, and was constantly seeking the means to carve it into expression. The divine spark was thus kindled, to burn brighter

and brighter to the close. Still it was his good fortune to have a sister some years older than himself, whose cultivation and taste aided in the development of his mind, and whose virtues gave to his moral character the high tone and purity from which it never swerved.

From nine to fourteen years of age his mind was necessarily occupied with drawing and sketching. For these occupations his lessons were neglected, and when he was not engaged with water-colors, tinting some engraving according to his fancy, the print and picture auctions offered a feast which he could not withstand. He was so determined in his course, and made such progress, that he was placed regularly at a drawing-school, and the hours not engaged there were spent wherever engravings and other works of art were to be seen or sold. The time now arrived when he must engage in some employment; but he obstinately refused to accept the common occupations of store boy or office clerk, and the habit of watching the carvings of ornaments for churches and other buildings was so absorbing, that he placed himself with a wood-carver in preference. Thus the talent with which nature had endowed him was leading him to that particular branch of art in which he became so distinguished. He then believed, as he said, that if he could learn the use of the tools he could "create something beautiful." His talent was developed with wonderful rapidity, and soon outgrew the limit to which wood-carving restricted it. He carried on, at the same time, a study of architecture, and in the reading necessary to this study he became more and more familiar with the great architects and sculptors of Greece and Rome. A little while ago his leisure hours were passed looking at pictures and engravings; now every moment in which he was not at work he pored over the biographies of those great artists. Stimulated by their renown, and the works they had accomplished, and the esteem in which they were held by contemporary greatness, his ambition to do great and noble things was awakened, and he passed from carving in wood to works in marble. We next find him, at the age of nineteen, in the studio of Messrs. Frazee & Launitz, monumental sculptors, in this city. He had already gotten together a collection of casts, among which was one from that noble work of Thorwaldsen's, "The Triumph of Alexander." He had also entered the schools of the National Academy of Design, and his student-life was fairly commenced.

A sense of justice and fairness began now more strongly than ever to mark his character. He asked his employers to pay him more for his labor, and as they treated his demand with less consideration than he thought it deserved, on the following day he did not return. After several days' absence, Mr. Launitz began to think strangely of it, and as he was passing through Elm street, he saw Crawford at work in the shop of his former employer carving ornamental wood work. He approached him and asked him what it meant? Crawford replied he had refused to pay what his labor was worth, and what the carver was ready to pay. "Tut, tut," said Launitz, "come back to me, Crawford, and I will give you what you want;" and the next day found him again at work in marble. He showed the greatest taste in modelling flowers, leaves, and other natural objects of beauty and grace. He also composed for his master several monumental designs, and worked upon portrait busts, among which was that of Mr. Perkins, of Boston, for the Athenæum, and that of Chief Justice Marshall.

The idea of going some day to Rome had existed in his mind as a vague probability—a dream around which clustered splendid associations. The destiny of genius was with him, and under the influence of his determined will, this vague dream became a reality. Launitz, who was now his fast friend, had discovered his persevering industry, taste, and facility as a workman, and urged him to go to Rome, where he could study the great works.

In the spring of 1835, preparations were made for his departure; he took leave of his parents, and his sister, who had watched him with such appreciating tenderness; and accompanied by his friend went to the vessel. The only voice to say good-by, and the only hands to shake were those of Launitz; other hearts were sad, and eyes were moist-

ened by tears; but no group of friends stood on the wharf with parting adieus as the little brig moved out of Burling slip; while from amid the strange, rough faces of sailors and stevedores beamed that of Launitz, who waved his hand, and, with cheering voice, cried, "God bless you, Crawford!" The voyage was tempestuous. The vessel was a small merchantman, and bound to the port of Leghorn. For twenty days Crawford was sick in his berth; he had a brave heart, and although he had but little money, he carried with him two letters which were more to him than gold; one was to Dr. Paul Ruga, a practical man, to put him in the way of doing everything economically; and the other was to Thorwaldsen, introducing him as a young American who desired to study sculpture. These, with a volume of Jacob Faithful, were given to him by Launitz. He arrived at Leghorn; thence to Civita Vecchia; thence over the Campagna to Rome.

* * * * *

The studios of Thorwaldsen were in a little street leading out of the Piazza Barbarini. They covered a large area of ground, and were crowded with the works of a long and active life. Thither went the young American student with his letter of introduction. When the great Dane had finished reading it, his broad Northern nature warmed up; he took both Crawford's hands in his, welcomed him in the most friendly manner, told him he had plenty of room in his studios, and that he might come there and study when and as long as he pleased. Crawford gladly accepted the generous offer, and went immediately to work.

Thorwaldsen never permitted his pupils to copy his own works, but recommended to them the study of the antique, casts from which abounded in his collection. Crawford began to set up a figure in clay from one of these, and after he had worked enthusiastically for some hours, the burly figure of the Dane approached him, scanned his effort, and kindly and carefully explained to him the error of his proceeding, telling him the necessity of getting his masses in just proportion and balance before he gave attention to the detail. Crawford wrote to his sister some time after: "These few words of instruction 'from this great artist gave me more insight into my art and were of 'more service to me than all else put together that I have ever seen 'and heard.'"

He lost no time; every hour of the day was occupied in severe study, and most of the hours of the night. He modelled and drew from the nude in the French Academy; apportioned his time so as to visit regularly some work or collection of the antique, improving his taste, enlarging his judgment, and carefully writing out his observations; these were embodied in letters to his sister and his friends. His imagination and invention were already urging him to make compositions. He put them up in clay, but dissatisfied with them, he broke them down and put up others; among the first of these that he finished was a figure which he called "Autumn." He had now been in Rome more than a year, and occupied a corner of Velatti's studio—the famous animal painter—in the Via Margutta. His pecuniary resources were reduced to the last extreme. Still he did not relax his labor. His poetic soul was bearing him upward, physical want was pressing him downward, but he worked on. Dr. Ruga wrote to Launitz, "Your friend Crawford works incessantly. He takes no relaxation, 'and if he continues work as he is now doing, his health will suffer.' Everybody in any way brought into contact with him was impressed with the same facts. The rumor came up to Florence that there was a young American sculptor in Rome working day and night; that he was struggling against many difficulties, not the least among which was want. His talent and perseverance were beginning to attract attention, and he was willing to labor in his art for any remuneration. During this year, 1837, he modelled in ten weeks seventeen busts, to be put in marble, and also copied in marble the figure of Demosthenes in the Vatican. The sums he received from these works were about the same as the wages of an ordinary day-laborer; but, thoroughly in earnest, and actuated by a noble enthusiasm, he knew that excellence was only attained by incessant labor; and although

want lay grimly across his track, gallantly and buoyantly he kept his course.

In a cheerful letter to his sister at this time, when telling her of all he was doing, he says, "You see how I am occupied, and what a diversity of subjects I am dipping into. There is more truth in the old proverb, 'Faint heart never won fair lady,' than appears at first sight." The aptness of this trite saying indicates the will, the perseverance, the indomitable energy, which impelled him toward success.

His works naturally classify themselves into three divisions. First: The Mythological, including the Orpheus, Genius of Mirth, the Muse, Autumn, Cupid, Flora, Io, Peri, Apollo, Homer, Diana, Vesta, Sappho, the Archer, Paris presenting the Apple to Venus, Mercury and Psyche, Hebe and Ganymede, Jupiter and Psyche, Psyche Found, Nymph and Satyr, a series of four bas reliefs, Boy and Goat, etc.

His Scriptural compositions were Adam and Eve, David and Goliath, David before Saul, the Shepherds and Wise Men before Christ, a group of twenty-four figures; Christ disputing with the Doctors, twelve figures; Christ ascending from the Tomb, and Christ raising Jairus's Daughter; the Daughter of Herodias, Repose in Egypt, Eve tempted, Eve with Cain and Abel, Lead us into Life Everlasting, a single figure of Christ, Christ blessing little Children, and Christ at the Well of Samaria. This, however, is not a complete list.

But, notwithstanding the high excellence of his earlier productions, his genius only found its full scope in works of history and allegory, of which, in all, there are more than thirty; and the latest of these are the best, for the reason that the subjects brought him at once into the vital contemporary history of his country and excited his patriotism.

In Rome, his establishment consisted of twelve grand studios, and for the last six years the incessant clang of mallet and chisel was ringing from a hundred busy hands "to keep pace with the busy workings of his mind." We may estimate that he spent in active labor about nineteen years out of the twenty-two from the time he first arrived in Rome till his death, allowing one year for his last illness, and two years for his visits to this country, mainly made for relaxation and to recruit his health. This is an average of more than three finished-works, many of them colossal, for each year; or in all about sixty that were finished. He also left about fifty sketches in plaster, and designs of various kinds. This industry and executive achievement in the same space of time has no parallel, and it is only reasonable to assume that had he enjoyed the full command of his mental and physical health which favored the great Scandinavian to the age of seventy-four, stimulated and sustained by the surprising growth of artistic culture and demand for Art in the United States, he would have secured a celebrity unknown to the history of Art.

THE ARTISTS' RECEPTION.

The second reception of the series took place on the evening of the 12th ultimo. A large and animated company, consisting of the *élite* of the city, and many distinguished guests graced the occasion. The sidewalls of the assembly-room were hung with pictures and sketches, and these were so arranged as to be seen to better advantage than at the first reception. Landscape Art always forms a large proportion of our gatherings of pictures, and is ever indicating steady progress. We noticed many gems in this branch of Art; the screens devoted to the contributions of Messrs. Hill, Shattuck, and Coleman offered many attractions, especially a number of drawings by the younger Hill; a picture by Mr. J. W. Hart, we have noticed elsewhere; Mr. William Hart exhibited a charming transcript of Ulster county scenery in a small compass; Messrs. Durand, Kensett, Nichols, Rondel Sonntag, J. Thompson, and McEntee, all were characteristically represented by various studies from Nature. Mr. Stillman sent a "Light-House"

study, and the presence of one of Mr. Cropsey's landscapes was some compensation for the absence of the artist. Of portrait Art there were many admirable specimens; Mr. Pope contributed two excellent crayon heads, besides a fine portrait of W. H. Prescott; a child's head, by Mr. Baker, elicited general admiration; also a beautiful miniature of a lady, by Mr. Staigg; Miss Freeman sent a fine miniature portrait of a lady; Mr. Wenzler contributed a remarkable lady's portrait; and Mr. Gray one of his happiest efforts in the same line; near the latter was a fine head of a boy, by Mr. Stone; Mr. Greene contributed one of his finest productions, "Isabella," besides one or two small ideal heads; Mr. Cafferty sent a spirited head. The department of figure-painting indicated new and progressive elements of artistic power; Mr. Edmonds contributed an admirable sketch, called "First-Step in Dancing," also a fine rendering of still-life; Mr. Ehninger sent a cabinet-picture, called Lady Jane Grey, one of his best productions; Mr. Bellows' series of sketches, illustrating graphically the mottoes appended to them, gave great pleasure—"Hit him again," and "The cause of true love," for instance; Darley—is always Darley—we can say of him in the words of John Muscat, the famous Maltese courier, "Ladies and gentlemen, you will find he never disappoints;" Mr. E. White was represented by a sketch, and Mr. Blondell by a large picture. Messrs. Tait and Hays sent respectively studies of deer and dogs, both marked with their usual power. Among the miscellaneous contributions we noticed a head by Stuart, and a fine copy, by Pope, from "The Falconer," by Couture, also a portrait of Henry Inman. The whole number of works exhibited was one hundred and sixty-five. The next reception, being the third of the series, will take place on the 12th March.

DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

The ap roaching exhibition of the National Academy of Design promises to be of more than usual interest, judging by what we see in the studios. Several landscapes are completed and in a state of forwardness. Among these is one by Mignot, representing a mountain scene in South America. The most prominent object in this picture is a lofty mountain covered with *paramo* grass to the peak, which peak in another climate would be crowned with eternal snow: the mountain reflects the light from the setting sun behind the spectator, showing us soft yellow sides of a velvet-like texture, relieving upon a cloud-barred sky; between the strata a remote snow-peak is just visible, itself a cloud among clouds. The entire foreground is in shadow: it is composed of rocks, a cascade, palm-trees, and the rich vegetation peculiar to South America.—Gignoux has lately finished a "View in the Dismal Swamp," in which the forlorn characteristics of this region are emphatic all, set forth.—Nichols is painting a view of Mount Washington: the view selected is different from any of those hitherto painted on a similar scale.—Churrah has completed a composition, the material of which is provided by his South American reminiscences. The time is evening; the sun supposed to be just below the horizon, behind the spectator; its rays illuminate a lofty snow mountain, the centre of attraction, and that alone; the foreground is not in shadow, but is supposed to be lighted by a sky permeated with the peculiar light of that hour. The foreground is a botanical study, consisting of various flowers and plants, the names of which are easily bestowed by one who is familiar with the vegetable kingdom of this region. In connection with Mr. Church's studies, we are

reminded of some information furnished by this gentleman, which may go towards contradicting an item in regard to the ascent of Chimborazo, which "went the round of the papers" some months since. Our readers may have seen the paragraph. It stated in substance that an Englishman and a Frenchman—these nations being now in alliance accounts for all partnership rumors of this class—had reached the summit of this monarch of the Andes, and the feat, hitherto unaccomplished, was paraded with some appearance of truth. The statement, however, is not true. Two men, supposed to be the parties referred to, were seen wandering about the country, but they made no effort to travel up the sides of the mountain except with their eyes. Humboldt reached the highest point yet attained by any traveller. There are but two approaches to the mountain, and any enterprise of this nature would be known to the people of the neighborhood, and they are ignorant of any person or persons attempting it.—Durand has completed a landscape composition, the main feature of which is a group of large trees in the foreground; these consist of a beech and a birch tree, the roots of the former clutching the earth as if with a special intent to support itself over the stream which "brawls along" the wood and the meadows beyond.—J. M. Hart is engaged upon a landscape series called "Morning, Noon, and Evening." "Morning" is completed; a mist,—over which the sun is visible, and, faintly, the summit of a distant hill—is seen rising from a watery surface, varied by lily leaves; on the borders of this surface are two deer that have come from a tangled thicket on the shore to drink, disturbing, as they approach, a flock of wild ducks, who fly away in a lengthened string, the foremost of the flock being lost in the misty veil of the background.—Mr. Kensett has finished a picture called "Recollections of the Saco." The point of view is a hill side, overlooking an extensive wooded plain, watered by a winding stream that reflects the ruddy glow of the sky: the time is evening, when the sun sheds his glory vicariously upon the earth, entrusting his richest tints for a moment to the "lazy-pacing clouds," that seem assembled for no other purpose but to grace his departure.—Mr. Brevoort occupies a studio in the Academy building. Mr. Brevoort's studies from nature show good feeling, and indicate qualities that are suggestive of future success.—Mr. J. B. Stearns is engaged upon a portrait-picture jointly with Mr. Brevoort; the latter painting the landscape. The figures portrayed represent a well-known editor, with two artist companions, angling at the base of a water-fall.—Mr. Waterman—his studio in the University—makes his appearance upon the artistic stage in the department of rural scenes. Mr. Waterman has just completed a picture descriptive of farm-life; the subject being an attempt of the farmer's boys to get the last load of hay on the cart before the rain comes: it is a very creditable production.—Mr. Jerome Thompson has been engaged upon a national historical picture—the "Gathering of the Vermonters previous to the Battle of Plattsburg."—Mr. Hays is painting a picture entitled "Flushing the Covey." It represents a flock of partridges disturbed by two of their canine enemies, whose excited faces appear over the grass behind their victims. One of the birds appears to be flying towards the observer, and its foreshortening is remarkably well expressed.—Mr. Suydam is engaged upon favorite White Mountain scenery. Mr. Suydam's studio is more than usually attractive; he was so fortunate as to secure a number of the gems of the late French exhibition. "The New Doll," by Edward Frère, is among these; two landscape subjects, by Lambinet, and a very touching picture by Tassaert, called

"Distress."—Mr. Gray is engaged upon an historical subject—"The Judgment of Paris." He has lately painted a cabinet-picture described in the *Boston Transcript* as follows:—"It represents two Italian peasant women at a fountain—the one 'sweet-tempered, gentle and kindly, the other of a hard, suspicious nature; the two extremes of character, as it unfolds in the sunny South, are most skilfully expressed in form and feature; the one woman is supple in frame, meek in bearing 'loving in eye and mouth; the other high-strung, rigid, defiant, jealous. The artist aptly calls this masterly little picture 'The Wolf and the Lamb.'" The same paper informs us that "Mr. Belmont has received a beautiful portrait of his wife, by Ary Schaeffer, the only specimen of this artist's genius in portraiture in this country."

Mr. J. R. Lambdin, of Philadelphia, has opened a school for the practical study of Art. Mr. Lambdin being an artist, is admirably qualified for this undertaking; he is well-versed in the technical requirements of his profession, and able by his long experience to adapt them to the age and character of pupils. Mr. Lambdin is furthermore well qualified as a teacher by an intimate acquaintance with the progress of our native Art having labored earnestly, patiently, and effectively in its behalf; we do not know a wiser and more faithful friend of the cause in this country.

Dear Crayon:

Boston, February 18th, 1858.

Ball Hughes, who has executed no large work since his statue of Dr. Bowditch, has recently finished a statuette of General Joseph Warren, which, after being exhibited at Cotton's a couple of days, was carried to Roxbury, to be submitted to the inspection of the city authorities there. If it meets their approval, and it undoubtedly will, the artist will receive a commission from that city to put it in marble or bronze. The statuette, which is about two feet high, is in plaster, and represents the General with sword in hand, rushing to the assault; the face is full of expression, and the whole thing is well managed and spirited. I understand that Mr. Hughes intends to deliver a lecture on Sculpture some time during the winter. No artist here is more capable of doing justice to the subject than the gentleman in question.—The ship Oxford, which was abandoned at sea, in September, had on board, besides Powers' statue of Webster, ordered by the citizens of Boston, Mr. Rogers' statue of John Adams, and several other works of Art from American artists residing abroad. The statue of John Adams was one of the four intended for the chapel at Mount Auburn, and can be reproduced in a year, from the model in the possession of the artist.—Mr. Crawford's statue of James Otis, which was delayed by the illness and death of that distinguished artist, is already completed at Rome, and will be forwarded in the spring, and that of Governor Winthrop, by Mr. Greenough, is also done, and will soon leave Florence for this country.—Mr. Ames is putting the last touches to some pictures for Dartmouth College and the McLean Asylum.—Mr. Gay has at his studio a view of Franconia, admirable in composition and color.—Mr. Thomas Ball has recently executed a very good bust of President Lord, of Hanover, which is to be put into marble immediately.—A few fine casts that belonged to the late Franklin Dexter, were presented to the New England School of Design for women by his son.—Last Wednesday evening the Boston Art-Club held a meeting at their rooms in Bedford street; about a dozen ladies were present. Mr. Winsor read an interesting article on Art,

and the evening passed very pleasantly.—Mr. Cutting, of this city, has invented a process by which anything can be photographed on stone instead of paper, and as the pictures can be finished up like any other lithographic drawing, and the impressions multiplied indefinitely, the discovery bids fair to be very useful.

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THE English Exhibition, in Philadelphia promises to be highly successful. The large pictures of this collection are advantageously seen in the appropriate and capacious rooms of the Pennsylvania Academy. Many of the pictures have been disposed of to amateurs of that city. The "Romeo and Juliet," by Leighton, the "Parting of Lord and Lady William Russell," by Lucy, and several water-color drawings, have passed into the hands of Mr. J. Harrison. Mr. S. B. Fales' collection is enriched by several pictures, embracing specimens of Sutcliffe, Hulme, Collingwood, Hough, and Ferguson.* "The Prussian Fair," by E. Corbould, has become the property of Mr. W. T. Stewart. Wehnert's "Ragged School" is disposed of, and other pictures (twenty-eight in all) to parties whose names are unknown to us. In connection with the disposition of the pictures named, we will add, that the "Light of the World," by Holman Hunt, has been purchased by Mr. John Wolfe, of this city.

A picture of the "Holy Family," by Murillo, belonging to the Brevoort family, is now on exhibition at Messrs. Goupil & Co.'s gallery. The picture is seen to great advantage, being on view in the natural light of day, a condition of things absolutely indispensable to the full enjoyment and appreciation of any work of Art. This picture came to this country in a dilapidated state, and was sent to England for restoration. It fell into the hands of irreverent and unfeeling picture-cleaners, who injured instead of improving it. Enough, however, of the paint, as Murillo put it on, is left to show the power and feeling of this excellent master.

"The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur, is on exhibition at New Orleans.

THE "printing" of Congressional matter cost the country last year over a million of dollars. Does it ever occur to legislators that types are not the only vehicles for the transmission of thought and action to posterity? If the country will make an investment of a portion of its revenue devoted to "printing" in the types used by painters and sculptors, we will guarantee that their "printing" will last longer, be worth more money, and do better justice to the men and thought of the day than what is now used so expensively. *Vide*, the historical "printing" of the Egyptians, who painted their reports upon the walls of their public buildings.

OBITUARY.

WE have to chronicle the death of Mr. Hezekiah Augur, a sculptor, and a native of New Haven. The *New Haven Register* says: "He was remarkable for quiet and unassuming manners, yet strong in his friendships, and peculiarly pleasing in the society of his friends. His life was an unvarying round of duties regularly fulfilled. Of simple habits and leading a bachelor life, his studio was at once his office and his home. There, in the company of his books, his inventive mind

* We take advantage of the mention of this gentleman's collection to state, that he has lately acquired one of Turner's finest drawings; it is truly a landscape gem, and probably the most satisfactory expression of the artist's genius in the country.

"found constant occupation and pleasure; and models, finished and unfinished, attest his industry and skill." His principal works are "Jephtha and his Daughter," in the Trumbull Gallery of Yale College, and an "Apollo," in private hands.

Studies among the Leaves.

The attractive letters of Mr. Bryant to the *Evening Post* contain many passages of special interest in relation to art. Writing from Paris, Mr. Bryant says:

"I went to an exhibition of the works of Paul Delaroche, whose reputation as a painter is as great in the United States as here. Shortly before his death he expressed a desire to paint a picture, the subject of which should be of universal interest, in order to give the proceeds to unfortunate artists and workmen in the studios of artists. His friends have thought that the best method of fulfilling a design which the artist himself was only prevented from fulfilling by death, would be to assemble all his pictures in one gallery, and give the profit of this exhibition to the charitable fund of the Association of Artists, Painters, Sculptors, etc., of which Delaroche was President. His works have accordingly been brought together from various collections, private and public, in this country, in England, and elsewhere. They illustrate, curiously, the gloomy character of his genius. You look about the walls, and you are in the midst of deathbeds, executions, assassinations. The least interesting of these pictures is the death of Queen Elizabeth. The gigantic old woman, sprawling on her couch upon the floor, her harsh features livid with mortal disease, is a horrid object; nor is there anything in the rest of the picture to make amends for the disagreeable impression produced by this principal figure. The series of portraits of Napoleon forms of itself a tragedy, and a most impressive one. The first of these is "Napoleon Crossing the Alps," with which the American public is familiar. As he is making his way through the mountain snows, you see that he is revolving his great plans of conquest. You read in the eye of the young adventurer untamable resolution and absolute confidence in his own fortunes. In the next picture, "Napoleon in his Closet," you have him in the noon of life, his ambitious desires gratified, and the continent of Europe at his feet. His eye is lighted up with a proud satisfaction, as he contemplates the strength and security of the power he has founded by his single arm. In the third painting, "Napoleon at Fontainebleau," you see the great egotist after his fall, older, grosser in person, arrived at the palace from a hasty flight, his boots spattered with mud, his riding-coat not laid by; one arm hanging over the back of the chair, as if never to be removed, and his eyes staring into futurity with the fixed, sullen gaze of despair. In all these portraits the artist has shown a power which, it seems to me, should place him in a high rank among painters, even if he had done nothing else."

Again from Madrid:

"The great collection of works of Art, which goes by the name of the Royal Museum of Painting and Sculpture, and is contained in a large building, rising above the trees of the Prado, is one of the first things which attract the attention of the stranger. You will not, of course, expect me to describe a collection which contains two thousand paintings, hundreds of them standing in the highest rank of merit, and which comprises pictures of every school that existed when the art was in its greatest perfection. At the very first sight of it, I could hardly help assenting to the judgment of those who call it the finest gallery of paintings in the world. The multitude of pictures by the greatest masters the world has produced, amazed me at first, and then bewildered me. I was intoxicated by the spectacle, as men sometimes are by sudden good fortune; I wanted to enjoy all this wealth of art at once, and roamed from hall to hall, throwing my eyes on one great masterpiece